



Reading for women and all the family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problem of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CXXIV.
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On the day after my ring disappeared, Dr. Kellogg pronounced my ankle well enough to come out of the bandage of adhesive plaster which had been strapping it ever since the accident. He brought along high laced boots which he had procured for me, and lacing my ankle tightly into these, he ordered me to forsake all thoughts of invalidism and to trot about as usual.

I was tempted to rush right down to Haldane's call for the phone and take her out to lunch, but I managed to restrain myself. That would be the sort of thing Neal calls "rough work." I must wait till the day before starting my campaign, otherwise it would be too obvious.

Wanting a companion for my walk, I called Virginia on the phone and asked her to go out with me. This was my first opportunity to speak to Virginia since the evening Jim had broken the news to her about the old Harrison place now stood in her name. At the first word of Virginia's reply I noticed the constraint in her voice.

"How fortunate that your ankle's quite well again, Anne. Don't overdo the walking though. I'm not very keen for these new theories about exercising sprains and torn ligaments."

"But will you come with me?" I persisted.

"I'm so sorry, Anne," replied Virginia smoothly, evading me. "But I'm preparing to go to the mountains for a week or so. A little change does all of us worlds of good, you know. And I've a lot of shopping, so I can't make it."

"We might take a taxi," I persisted.

"Of course, I can't run the little car now and we couldn't talk with some one else in the driver's seat and one of us banished to the rumble. But in a taxi we could visit between shops."

I smiled to myself at my own change of heart where Virginia was concerned. Time was when I'd have been too thoroughly cowardly to first refuse to make any effort to force myself upon her. But now Virginia never daunted me. Under her coldness and pride I felt unhappiness and unfulfilled longings. And

I'm never afraid of sad people—they may be reaching out for the very hand I have to give.

So even when Virginia would have none of me, I didn't feel snubbed and hurt, but sorry that she was all snarled up in her bitterness and misunderstanding.

"Really, dear, I must be rushing," she exclaimed. "I have things to buy for Phoebe and myself—tickets to get and reservations to telegraph for, so do forgive me if I'm abrupt and say good-by."

I echoed the good-by and turned from the phone to find Angy at my elbow.

"Dar's a maid here for you to interview, ma'am," she said in her quaint jargon. "She says Miss Cosby she sent her in response to Miss Harrison what 'phone and ask her to tend to your needing help. Looks like a nice, respectable pusson, ma'am. But noways comparison to Bertha—she were a jewel, ma'am."

The word jewel brought back my troubles with a jerk. But I had Angy bring the maid to me in the dining room, and thought she was a splendid, middle-aged person, her eyes and manner made me engage Hedwig at once. Hardly was that transaction completed when the doorbell rang and Angy returned from answering its summons to announce Phoebe.

In great delight I hurried into the living-room and there I found not only Phoebe, but a suitcase, hatbox and little patent-leather overnight bag.

"I've come to stay," Phoebe announced, smiling tentatively as if speaking to a coxswain or firm as the occasion dictated.

"You've come to stay?" I repeated, none too cordially, I fear. "But Virginia said you and she were going to the mountains."

"She's going," said Phoebe, setting her ripe young mouth into firm lines.

"But you? She said you were going with her," I said groping for my cue.

"I'm not a child, to be dragged around wherever Virginia chooses. I told her I wouldn't go. I'll not be separated from Neal, though that's just what she wants. She said I couldn't stay at home alone and unchaperoned—that it would look—dreadful, under the circumstances."

Phoebe's slim young body was vibrant with feeling as she spoke but back of her emotions I sensed a will to match Virginia's Harrison pride, Harrison determination, Harrison insistence on self-expression. And I found myself pitying—not Phoebe—but Virginia, caught in the meshes of her own feelings and between the equally strong feelings and warring personalities of her sister and brother.

"Don't you think there was something in her idea?" I asked with what I hoped was a soothing smile.

"Lots," agreed Phoebe briefly. "So I came here, I'm amply chaperoned in my brother's house, if that's what Virginia wants. May I stay? Or are you so completely under Virginia's rule that you're going to turn me out?"

"Doesn't Virginia know you're here?" I asked.

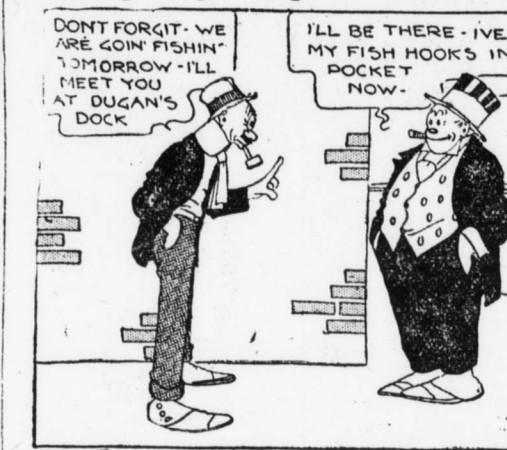
"I'm not," I laughed Phoebe. "I did a sneak the minute she got out of the apartment. Well, Annie, decide. Do I stay—or are you afraid that your Jeanie will never speak to you again if you harbor me?"

"I'll have Angy carry your things back to the guest room," I replied quite as quietly as if I weren't afraid of just what Phoebe suggested. "Then you must manage to make yourself comfortable without me. You see I've a very important errand that may take me all afternoon."

I wondered what Phoebe would say if she knew what my errand was.

To be continued

Bringing Up Father



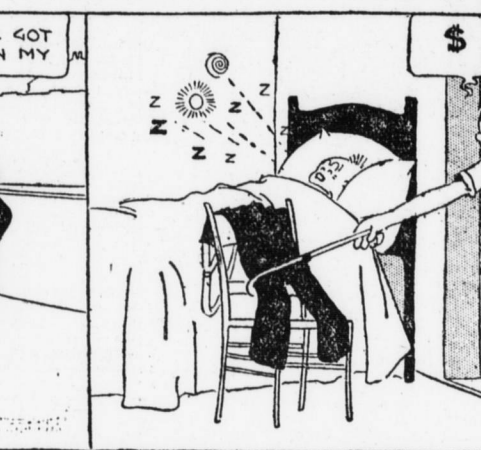
Russia Resold U. S. Worthless Powder Is Charged at Probe

Washington, Sept. 9.—Two hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder, manufactured here, sold to England, then to Russia and finally resold to the United States, turned out to be no good. This was the first development of an investigation started yesterday by a House committee into financial deals connected with manufacture of munitions for Russia, which were paid for out of American loans.

The session was brief, however, and the committee adjourned, awaiting the collection of data.

Assistant Secretary Leffingwell, of the Treasury, refused to give a list of American manufacturers paid from the \$137,000,000 lent Russia, until he had obtained approval of the State Department and possibly Ambassador Bakmeteff.

"The whole Russian record is one to be proud of," said he, referring to the financial transactions.



THE LOVE GAMBLER
By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LIV.
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The letter from Miss De Laine's lawyer was not long, yet David read and re-read it before its contents began to assume their true significance.

The letter informed him that his uncle Francis De Laine, had recently died in the Far West, and that this news had been sent to Henry Andrews—Miss Jeanne De Laine's lawyer—as the spinster had been the dead man's next of kin.

"From what I can gather," Andrews wrote, "with your aunt's death you became your uncle's heir. He died childless and a bachelor. I would, however, prefer talking this matter over with you instead of writing about it. Please run on to Baltimore at your early convenience. The matter may be one of great moment to you."

Of great moment to him! What could this imply?

David De Laine recalled his last conversation with Henry Andrews. The lawyer knew that the young man was poor, that he had refused to accept the terms of his aunt's will by which he might acquire a comfortable income. Possibly David's uncle had left a goodly sum of money.

Only for a moment did the nephew let himself entertain this possibility. Then he remembered that his Uncle Francis had been a visionary person who had probably gone through his fortune as quickly as David's own father had gone through his.

He might have left behind him several hundred dollars—hardly more. But David was not in a position to scorn even this small sum. It would at least tide him over until he had secured a new position. This seemed like an answer to his mental question as to how he could live after he had given up his present job and before he secured another.

He would go to Baltimore as soon as possible.

He would not mention where he was going, but ask Samuel Leighton if he could dispense with his services for a few days. It would do no harm to check up on Leightons that he had once met Smith in that city, David's mention of his destination might awaken suspicions as to his identity.

A Welcome Release

Much as he dreaded leaving Desiree, his heart grew light as he appreciated that there was a chance of his quitting the atmosphere of uncertainty in which he had lived lately. Now that he was on a way of escape he felt his present situation as almost unendurable.

Suddenly he decided to take immediate steps to change it permanently. He would write her and announce his intention of giving up his place as chauffeur.

He had written a part of a note when he paused for reconsideration. He hoped his abrupt departure might not cause Samuel Leighton or his daughter actual inconvenience. So he added a paragraph of guard against this. The epistle finished, he read it carefully.

"Dear Sir, I ran a communications office at your service, which makes it advisable for me to take a trip to another city as soon as practicable. Therefore, if convenient to you, I ask you to allow me to give up my position with you. I thank you for your kindness and consideration to me while I have been in your employ."

"If you wish to communicate with me, please write to me at the address at the head of this sheet. You may also mail my check to this address—paying me only up to last evening. In leaving you I ask you longer notice I forfeit—in my own eyes, at least—the right to my pay to the end of the week."

"Respectfully yours David Smith."

Samuel Leighton had told his chauffeur that he would not need the car in the morning. If David attached extra stamps to this letter marked it "special delivery," and mailed it now, his employer should receive it early in the day, before leaving his house for office.

De Laine did not dare let himself stop to think that perhaps he might never again see Desiree. Down in the bottom of his heart lurked a hope that Henry Andrews might have information for him that would make it possible for him to reveal his identity to the Leightons. Yet he would not dwell upon this fancy.

He Mails His Letter

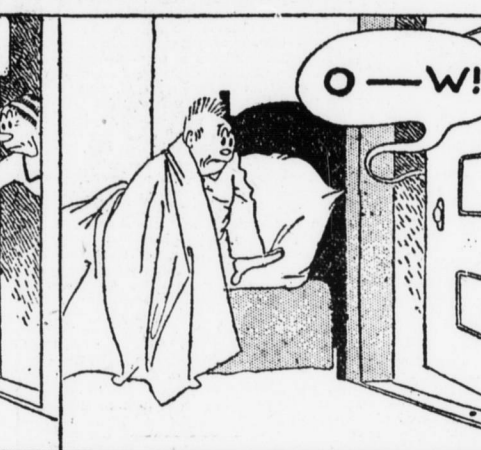
He made a copy of his letter to Samuel Leighton. He wanted to be able to recall exactly what he had said. His mind was too perturbed just now for him to think very clearly.

Hurrying out to the post box at the corner, he mailed the epistle, then, returning to his room, paced restlessly up and down until the lodger in the room below his knocked on the ceiling to warn him that quiet is desirable after midnight.

Ashamed of his selfishness, David removed his shoes, undressed quietly and went to bed.

But not to sleep.

He lived over again the moment he had been alone with Desiree, saw once more the appealing look in



Lafean Is Held in the North Penn Bank Crash; Knew it Was Tottery

Philadelphia, Sept. 9.—Daniel F. Lafean, former State banking commissioner, was held yesterday in \$7,500 bail on charges of malfeasance in connection with the wrecking of the North Penn Bank.

The principal witnesses against Lafean were Auditor General Charles A. Snyder, Captain John W. Morrison, deputy banking commissioner, and James W. MacBurney, a former bank examiner.

MacBurney testified to having made two examinations of the North Penn in 1918 after which he reported its insolvency to Lafean, who was then banking commissioner. He declared that he had urged the necessity of closing the institution upon two different occasions and that both times Lafean refused to act. He said that Lafean had told him he was afraid such action would have a bad effect on the Liberty Loan drive in Philadelphia. "Be-sides," MacBurney testified, Lafean told him, "Charley Ambler has a lot of State funds in the bank and he has told me he was going to put a lot more of State moneys in the bank to help it out."

Ambler, former State insurance commissioner, is under \$20,000 bail in connection with the failure.



Cardinal Mercier to Land in New York Today

New York, Sept. 9.—Cardinal Desideratus Mercier, primate of the Roman Catholic Church in Belgium, "the priest who defied the German army," is expected to arrive here this evening.

A wireless message from the steamship Great Northern, upon which the Cardinal is a passenger, received by the Army information bureau said the liner would dock in Hoboken before nightfall.

Cardinal Mercier is coming as the guest of thousands of Americans who, admiring his intrepidity during the war, invited him overseas. He will pay a brief visit to Archbishop Hayes, after which he will go to Baltimore to see Cardinal Gibbons and then visit a number of larger cities in the United States and the Canadian northwest, returning to Washington in October to meet President Wilson.

The Private Wire to Washington



"So I must keep up the comedy and not let them know that my heart aches dreadfully."

During the war the Secret Service had many knotty problems to solve, and Harold MacGrath, the great novelist, has just completed a wonderful spy story that will be printed in The Philadelphia Bulletin, beginning with Wednesday, September 10th.

It is the inside story of a great Long Island spy mystery that baffled the Secret Service and has to do with strange occurrence that took place in the luxurious home of a loyal American who had the confidence of the authorities at Washington and who was entertaining at his home a noted French officer, who was in America on a secret mission. Innocent people were suspected of disloyalty while the guilty went free; but justice claimed her own in the end.

The novel is quite thrilling and although primarily a detective story contains a delightful romance. As there is a great demand for The Bulletin, it is well to arrange in advance that your news dealer supply you with a copy each evening.

Pershing to Address Veterans of War at Madison Square Garden

New York, Sept. 9.—Recognizing his first opportunity to address veterans of the war since their discharge from the service, General Pershing yesterday accepted an invitation of the American Legion to be its guest at a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden next Thursday night. The invitation, sent General Pershing by wireless, was immediately accepted upon his arrival here.

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To be continued

Spring Wheat Crop Again on Decline

Washington, Sept. 9.—Further decline in the spring wheat crop reduced the prospective production 17,000,000 bushels during August, but corn had a good month and shows a prospective output of 7,000,000 bushels larger than indicated last month, according to the Government's September crop report just issued.

There were reductions in the forecasts of oats, white potatoes, tobacco and hay, but an increase in buckwheat and sugar beets.

The condition of the corn crop was described as irregular, ranging from extremely good to extremely bad, but for the country as a whole a fair crop of good quality is in prospect, totaling 2,555,000,000 bushels.

The loss in the spring wheat crop was caused by blight, rust, scab and grasshoppers. The total crop of spring and winter wheat now is placed at 923,000,000 bushels, which is more than 300,000,000 bushels below the forecast from conditions prevailing in June.

Solomon Gompers, Father of Labor Leader, Dies

Boston, Sept. 9.—Solomon Gompers, father of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, died at his home in the Rochester district last night.

The labor leader was notified of the death by long distance telephone at Chicago and will cancel engagements in the Middle West to attend the funeral in New York on Sunday. Mr. Gompers was born in Amsterdam, 92 years ago, but later moved to London, coming to the United States with his family in 1867. For the past twenty years he had been blind, but always kept informed of his son's work in the labor world. From early life he had been a supporter of the trade union movement. He married Sarah Root, in London, who died twenty years ago. They had seven children. The surviving children are Samuel Gompers, Henry Gompers, of New York; Alexander Gompers and Louis Gompers, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Harry Isaacs and Mrs. Samuel Isaacs, of this city.

Kelly Calls For Report on Peek Commission

Washington, Sept. 9.—Representative Kelly, Independent, Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution calling on Secretary Redfield to submit to the House a "detailed report of efforts made to stabilize prices in basic industries through the Peek Commission and the results which would have followed the putting of this plan into effect, based on the prevailing prices of such basic products."

Masked Men Rob Bank; Vault Lock Employes' Vault

Toledo, O., Sept. 9.—Five men yesterday held up the Erie Bank at Erie, Mich., near here, and escaped in an automobile with \$5,000 in cash and securities yet to be estimated.

Fred Hildebrand was alone in the bank when the men entered. At his refusal to throw up his hands he was attacked and beaten into unconsciousness. Another employe entered while the hold-up was going on. He, too, was attacked and both were thrown into the vault and the doors locked.

Use McNeill's Cold Tablets. — Adv.

Leviathan Is Out of Transport Service, After Carrying 185,500 Troops

New York, Sept. 9.—With the arrival of the transport Leviathan bringing home General Pershing and troops of the First Division, the giant transport brought her career to a close. Her service in helping win the war. According to information at the headquarters of the troop and transport force in Hoboken, the big ship is now to be retired as a transport and after being refitted for passenger service is to be turned back to the United States Shipping Board, the agency which seized her when the United States entered the war.

The Leviathan, formerly the Westland, the second largest ship in the world, was interned in New York by the Germans in 1914, and "willfully damaged" to the extent of more than \$1,000,000. She proved after she was conditioned by American engineers, to be the greatest single unit in taking American fighting men to Europe. She carried 185,500 soldiers of which 99,211 were carried overseas through submarine infected seas.

Tacoma Times Publishing Under Arbitration Plan

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 9.—The Times resumed publication yesterday under a local arbitration agreement with its printers, who struck Friday night for higher wages. The printer agreed to work thirty days at the former scale pending an effort to reach an agreement. The publishers of the Ledger and News Tribune refused to arbitrate except through the International Union of Printers and did not publish yesterday.

The Luncheon That Proved a Success

"Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon to her new maid, in dismay, "what in the world are we going to do! Mrs. Redfern has come for lunch. You might be sure she'd hit upon the very day we had planned on just a pick-up lunch. We might manage, but there isn't a thing we can have for dessert at this short notice."

"I can manage, Mrs. Gordon," replied Mary, confidently. "Just you leave it to me."

Luncheon time arrived, and Mary brought in a delicious, smooth mould of rich chocolate blanc mange. She had saved the day.

"How in the world did you do it?" said Mrs. Gordon. "Your dessert was delicious."

"Why," replied her maid, "I made it with Pudding."

"Pudding?" questioned Mrs. Gordon. "Do tell me about it."

"It's a dessert that always turns out right and isn't a bit of trouble to make. All you have to do is to add milk, either fresh or condensed, and sugar, and then when it is cool, you have a rich, creamy mould of dessert."

"Does it come in more than one flavor?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh, yes, indeed—chocolate, rose, vanilla, orange, lemon and in several flavors. And it only costs 15c for a box which will serve 15 people."

"Well," said Mrs. Gordon, "it certainly is delicious."

"Well," said Mary, "and it makes ice cream smooth and rich."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, emphatically, "there's one thing sure. In the future, we will never be without pudding!"

For sale at all grocers.

The New Mexico Sails Again; Three Dead in the Fire

San Francisco, Sept. 9.—Admiral Rodman's flagship, the New Mexico, on which three enlisted men were killed and forty others injured in a fire Sunday night, sailed last night for Victoria, B. C. An inquest was held during the afternoon. All of the injured except Lieutenant Commander P. L. Carroll and Lieutenant C. G. Hapman were able to return to their duties. The damage to the ship was placed at \$6,000.

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Individual Promotion

Many New Fall Creations Are Awaiting Your Inspection at the Ladies' Bazaar

Dame Fashion has decreed many new and appealing models for this autumn's garments. Tailoring, modeling, fabrics and colors all blend into interesting departures from the styles of last season. Our stocks are complete with every garment that is sure to meet the discriminating dresser.

New Fall Suits
Of Serge, Poplin, Tricotine, Silver-tone, Peach Bloom, Velour, Duvel-tone, Polret Twill and Tyrol Wool, in a variance of shades and styles, featuring strictly tailored models, fur trimming, belted and vestee effects.
\$24.95 to \$195.00

Early Fall Coats
Of Silvertone, Peach Bloom, Silver-tone, Broadcloth, Plush, Sea Lion, Moline and Bolivia Cloth. The new coats are wonderful creations, some fur trimmed, neat tailored models, belted effects, etc.
\$24.95 to \$175.00

Blouses
Of Georgette, Crepe de Chine, Voile, Organdy, Linene, Tub Silk and Pongee.
\$1.39 to \$14.95

Sweaters
Slip-over Sweaters, sleeve and sleeveless models; variety of shades and weaves.
\$1.95 to \$4.95

New Fall Dresses
Of Serge, Tricotine, Jersey, Tyrol Wool, Chamolais, Satin, Crepe de Meteor, Georgette, Tricotette, Paulette and Fantasi. Practically every leading design that Fashion has decreed can be found in our stocks.
\$16.95 to \$79.95

Silk and All Wool Skirts
The All-Wool Skirts include Serges, Poplins, Plaids and Checks. The Silks include Silk Poplin, Silk Stripes and Plaids, Taffeta, Pussy-willow, Crepe de Chine and Fantasi.
\$6.95 to \$14.95

The Ladies' Bazaar extends a welcome to all the ladies to come and inspect their new Fall Display of all the latest creations. There will be no obligation whatever.

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